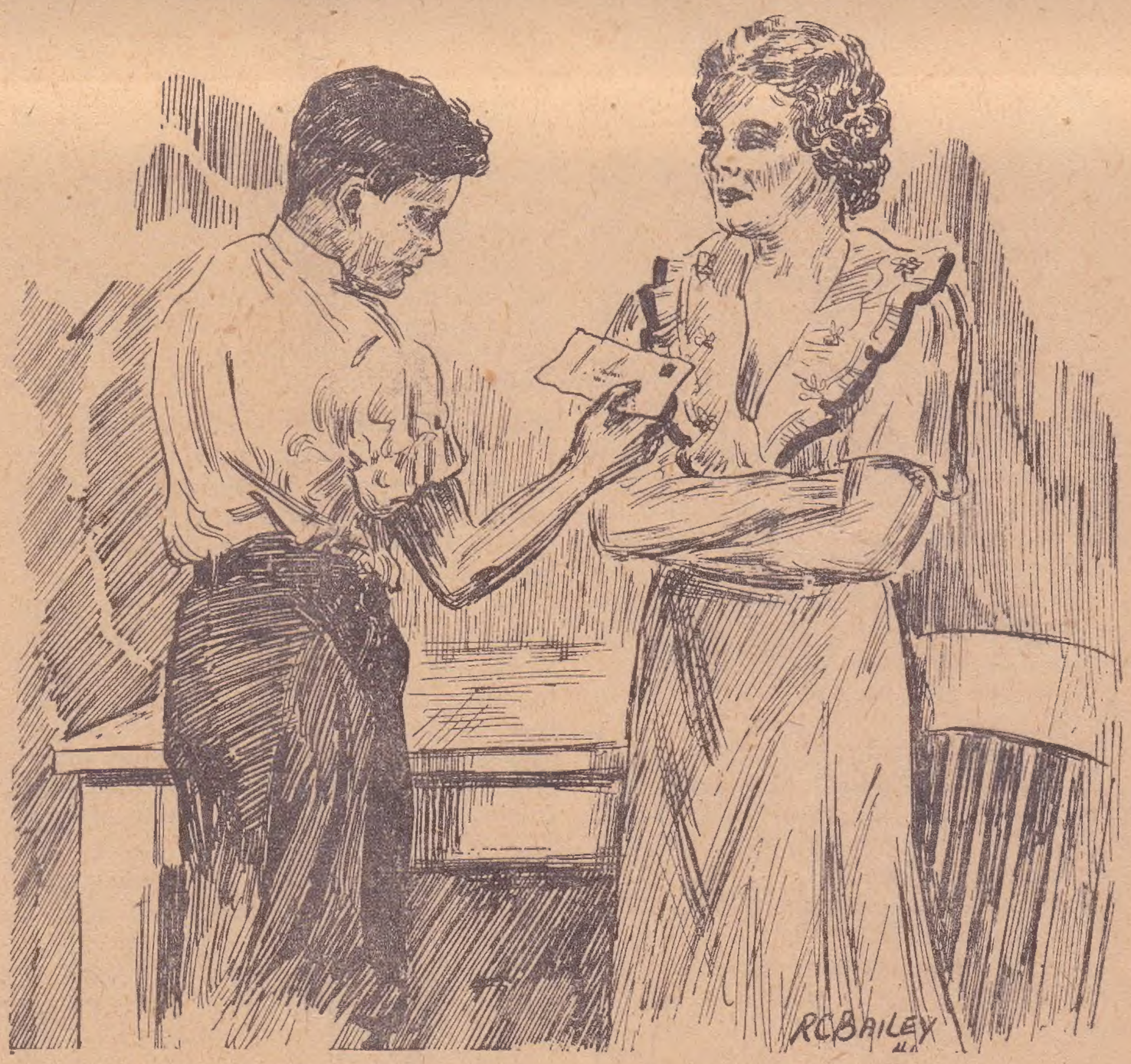
Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, March 8, 1941. | 78th Year

THE BOOMERANG JOKE

By F. B. M. Collier

For the Messenger.



"Do you know anything about this?"

CAREFULLY Mrs. Miller lifted rows of brown ginger witches and shamrocks from the hot pan as she stood by the kitchen table. It was Saturday. Next Monday Dick and Stella were to entertain their friends at a St. Patrick party, and mother was deep in preparations.

The slamming of the front door startled her thoughts out of her temporary cooking absorption. That would be Dick, her fourteen-year-old son, almost as tall as his father, and a promising young athlete. But for some reason Mrs. Miller did not smile today as she often did when the thought of Dick crossed her mind. She listened. He had gone straight to the library where Stella, aged twelve, was dusting, and excited words followed immediately: "I don't care—!" "Well, it's the limit!"

From a tumult of high words she caught jumbled scraps of argument.

Mrs. Miller sighed. Again Stella must have forgotten to do or tell something, and Dick was furious. When Stella had been very young, this forgetting habit had seemed funny, but during the past year it had proved a nightmare to the family, and no cure seemed possible. Again Mrs. Miller sighed. Only yesterday she herself had been Stella's victim, and her sympathy went out to Dick.

But she also hated the arrogant and impudent manner which Dick had adopted since promotion into High School, and his hot words now sounded decidedly nasty. Only last week he had dragged his chair roughly from the table, and after grace, launched into such jeering comments upon his teachers that his father broke in sternly, "Son that is not the way to speak of your teachers."

But son had merely giggled, and proceeded to finish up a boisterous story about "Old Min," and "Old Bill," and "Old Ethel," head of the English department.

Mr. Miller waited until he had finished, and even now his wife shivered at the memory of her husband's severity. "Dick," he had said, "you are my son; and no son of mine is going to live in my house and behave like a rowdy. In future you say Miss and Mr. when speaking of your teachers, not only to me, but to the boys and girls you play with—understand?"

Dick had evinced such a defiant, sullen attitude that that his father had continued heatedly,

"I've never whipped you but once—your mother saw to that—but if at any time I hear that you are calling teachers by their Christian names, or defying their authority,—I'll cane you as you have never been caned before—understand, Dick?"

And such an unusual and awe-inspiring father had forced Dick into the subdued murmur of, "Yes, Father."

* * *

BUT that did not clear up the disagreeable situation. Several anxious consultations between father and mother had ensued. Dick certainly could not be allowed to cultivate this

cheap attitude of smartness at home and school.

So now Mrs. Miller hastily stacked her queer cakes, and made a business-like visit to the storm-centre in the library.

"Well, Dick, the neighbors will soon know that you are angry—"

"Oh, Mom!—Stella ought to be whipped—heck—this is the limit! She's just ruined my whole season—ruined it. —Don't let her near the party—send her to bed—mebbe that'll help her remember—"

Stella burst into shrill protest, "Oh, Mom, don't listen to him—he's so cruel —I *was* sorry—" then turning upon her accuser,—"but I'm not now. You think you own the town, Dick Miller—and I'm sick of carrying messages for your stupid chums, Micky and Bertie and Sam and Herb. Why don't they tell you things themselves,—and some day I bet you'll be glad I forgot your old messages,"—and Stella ran sobbing upstairs.

Mrs. Miller demanded quietly. "What did Stella forget?"

"Oh, Mom!" indignantly, "Herb told her last night at five that cricket practice was at six-thirty. She forgot and they picked next summer's eleven, and I wasn't at the arena so they took Perry Card—and he isn't nearly as good as I——"

"Does that shut you out of the Club?"

"Oh, no,—I belong to the Club all right.—I'll practise as much as the rest, but I can only fill in for matches—I won't be a regular—and we're sure to beat the Ferrets, and the Athletes—and the Forrest fellows—the whole county is starting cricket this year—and (remembering his grievance) Stella's put a crimp in the whole show for me."

"Why are you so keen on the team, Dick?"

"Oh, Mom! — why it's sport — and gentleman's sport they say—why Dad helped start it—We want to trim the Ferrets—and we can too; just wait and hear us razz them—"

But something curious in his mother's face halted Dick.

"Umph," she replied—"It seems to me there's no sport about it, just a craze to beat the other fellow, and get a lot of cheers, and be able to boast and bray like a herd of donkeys. For a long time your father and I have suspected that to you boys athletics just meant spending money and boasting. Perhaps it is a blessing that you are left off. You may learn to enjoy the game for its own sake."

"Oh, Mom!—that's all punk—out of date—"

But his mother checked him sharply.

"Wholesome fun is never out of date, and it makes you a better chap to live with—of late your games only make you a sharp-tongued prig—tiresome to listen to——"

"Aw, Mom! I think you ought to beat Stella; this is the third time this week she has forgotten my messages—"

"Dick, yesterday she forgot to tell me old lame Mrs. Harris was coming for the afternoon unless I sent word with Stella on her way to school, that it wasn't convenient — Stella forgot — Mrs. Harris came, and I missed a tea party for an old schoolmate who starts for Scotland today, and I shall probably never see her again.—But I didn't make all this fuss about it."

"Aw, but, Mom——"

"Dick, did you see Herb yesterday afternoon?"

"Sure thing—was talking to him at half-past four—"

"And he gave the message to Stella at five?"

"Yes—sure——"

"Doesn't it occur to you that he could have given you the message?"

"He forgot.—He went over purposely when Stella was playing with Marian, to tell."

"Yes, well why be so enraged with Stella, when Herb forgot?" she checked his interruption. "Now five times this week to my knowledge these chums of yours have given Stella important messages because they forgot. It might be fair to blame them a little as well as your sister."

* * *

MRS. MILLER marched out with displeased finality, leaving Dick to think over the possibility that his chums had perhaps betrayed him too. But he didn't waste much time on them. He had a date with his bosom pal, Billy, so he hurried away, but didn't slam the door going out. Dick and Billy had been accidentally hindered from sending an ugly, insulting valentine to "Old Ethel" the history teacher, and then two days ago Billy had found a perfectly hideous postcard featuring a horrible "Irish mug", and both boys had heard "Old Ethel" (aged 23) laughingly admit her Irish parentage and leanings. Then Dick had found a rather nasty poem libelling the Irish, so they had pasted it on the back of the postcard. Billy had procured a large envelope, typed the address at his father's office on the sly, and now the two were meeting to seal and stamp this vulgar instrument of revenge, and arrange for its delivery. But it was a ticklish business. Detective stories told them typewriting could be identified like handwriting, and they debated long and seriously.

They had a sneaking suspicion that they were not playing the game, that the whole thing was beneath them and unworthy of their position in the school, but they could not bear to relinquish the plan. So they decided Stella should post the missive, and leave them free to deny having sent it, but it took a lot of hedging and bragging to make this argument appear sound.

By Monday night the missive was in Stella's care, and she, delighted at being restored to Dick's favor, promised to post it surely. She had, of course, no inkling of its venomous contents, surmising wrongly that, boy-like, Dick had developed a "crush" on the teacher he had once reviled, and rejoicing girl-like over his conversion from evil doings.

* * *

THEN the energies of the young people centred feverishly upon the party. New cricket teams, stern teamers and gang feuds were lost in an orgy of shamrocks, golliwogs, clay pipes, cakes and ghost stories. Once only, during the riotous evening did Dick remember. He whispered to Stella and she nodded vigorously, yes, "it" had gone.

But next morning with the thrills of the party exhausted, on the way to school, Dick lost some of his assurance. His mother's warning bothered him, and losing his place on the regular cricket team didn't look quite so distinctly Stella's fault. Sending that postcard also began to worry him. He admitted secretly that he and Billy had only started baiting the history teacher to curry favor with the four athletic bosses of the school. He began to suspect rather definitely how carefully that same four had avoided being mixed up in the classroom disturbances they had instigated.

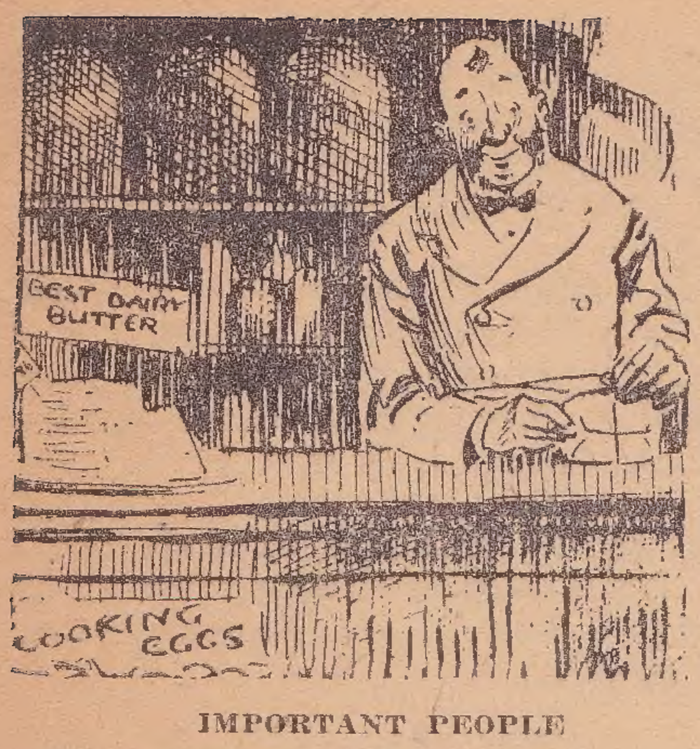
Miss Barnes had eventually punished Bill and Dick, and successfully compelled them to learn their lessons. The girls had giggled over their defeat, and some boys had given three cheers for "Old Ethel" who knew how to deal with "smart Alecs." And these combined taunts aroused the victims to plot revenge.

But now it didn't look so safe. If his father ever found out, what a row there would be—and he might—he might. "Old Ethel" was smart, "nobody's fool", as Tommy Mullins expressed it. Dick squirmed uncomfortably as he felt himself getting nearer to the object of his animosity, and finally, to seek forgetfulness in companionship and lessons, he broke into a run.

* * *

BUT all St. Patrick celebrations had not shared the Millers' good fortune. For when Dick reached the school corridors he found an awesome hush everywhere. Little groups of pupils were gathered around various teachers, and everybody seemed to be shaking his head or whispering. The night before several loads of young people had motored to a church social sixteen miles away, and coming home

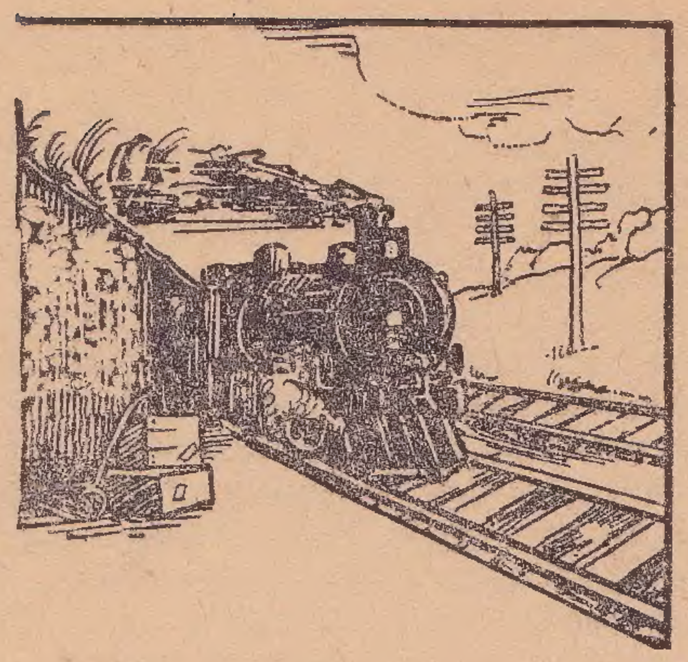
(Please turn to Page 9.)



Behind the Counter

By N. M. GEORGE

For the Messenger



IMPORTANT PEOPLE

EZRA SYTHE, General Storekeeper in Topville, a small coastal town. **MRS. SYTHE**, Ezra's wife.

ROBERT DOUCE, a determined young fellow whose plan to work his way through college and become a minister leads him to take the job of clerk in Ezra's store.

TOM JONES, CALVIN BATES, JIM RICKSON and others, fisher lads whom Robert persuades to form a club called the Topville Progressive Club.

JACK BATES and **BEN JOHNSON** fishermen who get involved in a bootlegging scheme at Coon Cove Point. Ezra and Robert, disguised in Hallowe'en "ghost costumes", frighten the two men so badly that they abandon their scheme, turn over a new leaf, and settle down to honest work. Jack enters his new boat in a race at Burnett's Beach and wins first prize The Topville boys take first place in the Field Day in spite of their opponents' attempts to balk them which resulted in a sprained ankle for Robert.

A LADY from Burnett's ordered the boys to bring Robert to her home. Bessie was on the job and soon bandaged the damaged ankle. It had swollen quite badly, but was not paining much now. Had he stopped running on it, it probably would not have been much.

Robert lay on the couch in the living room, and went over the day's sports in his mind. He even reviewed the year's practise and self-denial that had preceded it. He wondered in a haze what the boys would think, if they would be pleased. He wanted badly to see them and talk to them. It seemed so long since he had seen them. His wish was granted almost before it was definitely formed. In walked Tom, Neil and Donald. Tom shook hands with him and then they talked and talked. Excitement was a mild name for the spirit prevailing after the wonderful contests of the day.

"And," asked Tom, "what about the debate tonight? Who will take your place?"

"Don't you want me on the debate, Tom?" asked Robert.

"Why certainly we want you, all the time."

"In that case," said Robert, "I'll be there; my foot is not so bad as you may think; I was so excited and afraid I would lose, it overcame me. Then you know, Tom, I did not eat much."

"No excuses, old pal. I know well just how you were feeling. I went through it all."

"For what?" asked Robert.

"What for?" answered Tom reflectively. "Well, I guess to show everybody that we did not give up smoking and drinking for nothing, and train ourselves. Today had to be the day we showed our colors, and when I heard that fellow telling his chum what they would do to the hicks, I saw red for a little while. Well, we have turned discipline into experience and gained success."

"Whew! That's high brow stuff you are using, Tom. Where did you get it all?" said Donald.

"In the book," laughed Tom.

"Self reliance clothed with modesty is what you want, Tom," teased Robert.

"Modesty nothing! I want to know how to use theory in practice in future. We did not reckon what we were up against until we got here. We had to mobilize all our skill and ability in an instant."

"Tom's getting to be some philosopher. Phew!" and Donald mopped his brow.

"Well, what about tonight; are we going to debate?"

"We sure are and now Tom has a chance to mobilize all your forces of reasoning and ability, before you begin."

"I know better than you what I am up against," answered Tom, and he did.

* * *

"Tom," said Robert, "I was running that race for you. I didn't think of anyone else. I could just see you waiting for me. I figured that with you counting so on me I simply couldn't fail."

"You know," Tom said, "I wanted to win out today just to prove that your teaching and help were worth while. That meant a lot to me."

Robert grinned. "Thanks, Tom! I have tried to be the sort of chap that Mother,—and Dad, 'over there'—wanted me to be. And the thing that's helped me most is——"

Tom interrupted, "I know,—prayer. I never thought that praying did a guy any good until I met you, Robert. Now I know better."

Robert nodded, and gripped his chum's hand.

A few minutes later he rose and tried his foot. He found he could limp along. He and Tom made plans for the debate. They would go to see Walter, the second speaker, who was now off alone studying his points as if he had the welfare of the nation depending on his shoulders.

The lady who had invited Robert to her home extended the invitation to Tom, Walter and himself to remain for supper. They accepted; first warning her that they had not eaten a heavy meal for a month of training, so not to be surprised at their appetites. She laughed and told them she thought they deserved all they could eat after the hard day's sport. After the bountiful supper was over, Tom, Robert and Walter arranged their papers for the debate that was to take place that evening at the hall,—"Resolved that Prohibition was of more benefit to the community than Government control." Topville had the affirmative.

They arrived to find a hall packed to the doors, and the cheers nearly lifted the roof when the Topville debaters arrived. They had won the admiration of everyone by their day's sportsmanship. Even against foul play they had kept on, won out and held their tongue. Not a word was spoken about the dirty trick Burnett's had played them. They simply ignored it.

The debate began. Tom spoke first, telling them what harm alcoholic liquors did to the nation. He showed them plainly how the benefits in finance that seemed to be derived in the sale of liquor by the Government had to be paid back in relief, jails, hospitals and the ravages on the human system. He showed them the advantages of prohibition. He spoke so masterfully and well the hearers of Topville hardly believed their own ears.

Burnett's followed. He showed them the crooked things people had done in Prohibition times to obtain liquor. He told them that Prohibition had failed; it had to be replaced by laws that could be kept. Walter followed, and he first told his audience that he had something of interest for them,—that if his opponent had known some people who were law-abiding, he would not have had

an argument. He said, "Just because thieves still break locks and steal will we make a law to prohibit locks; that people can't stop stealing, and we have to make a law they can keep? Walter was witty. He prodded his opponent unmercifully. He made many a laugh at his expense. He won great applause, and so rattled the next speaker that when he arose to present his arguments he did not have much to say.

Robert then took the stand. He was pale, his ankle pained him, and he walked with a limp. His speech was not so energetic as Tom's or as witty as Walter's, but he told the truth quietly about the state of the country and the people who use alcoholic liquors. He took more than one reference from the Bible to point his arguments. When he finished, there was applause, but it was different in meaning from that of the others. Robert had touched the hearts of his hearers by his earnest simplicity. He had shown them the meaning of a Prohibition that was not only a law in force, but a state willingly established by a people who put the good of all before material gain or personal indulgence.

Finally the last speaker came forward. He tried to ridicule his opponents. "Mr. Jones gave us a temperance lecture, Mr. Graydon read us a paper on physiology and Mr. Douce preached us a sermon." He waited for the applause, which was rather feeble. He then spoke of the benefits the revenue was paying to the country. He went further on the subject in an effort to prove that Prohibition was a failure. He was confident that his talk would convince his hearers.

The rebuttal was exciting. Tom held his own well, and smashed every argument of his opponent. The judges retired.

Tom was hardly breathing. This was really the first time he had spoken outside of Topville and for so long at a time. Robert and Walter were waiting, every minute seeming an hour, until the judges brought in the final result.

The affirmative had won. Wild applause for Topville. They had won,—won! The prizes were now distributed. Jack Bates came first. Proud indeed was Jack to receive that cup. Small as it was, it seemed big enough to him when he thought of what it meant. Calvin was proud to think his father had won the cup. He himself received a cup for the pole vault.

Prizes were given for the different events. Small cups for first, medals for second and third. Then the large cup for the greatest number of points was presented to Robert Douce, president of the Topville Progressive Club. Robert limped to the front; applause was wild, and the fellows who had been mean enough to try to hurt a fellow runner were conspicuous by their absence.

A small cup was also donated to the Topville Debating Club, this was to be held until next year when they would again debate; if they could hold it for three years, it would be theirs to keep. Late that night the boys and girls, men and women, tired and happy, piled in boats and trucks and went home to Topville.

* * *

DAYS and weeks passed swiftly after the field day. Robert was back behind the counter, selling pork and beans, molasses and onions, new dresses and silk stockings, all in a breath, as business was good and lobster fishing was on now. He had forgotten all about his twisted ankle and was able to run and jump as well as ever.

Tom did not come in so often now. He was so busy trying to make the best of a bad season for lobsters. The extension had been granted, the fishermen would have ten days longer to fish than the allotted time. They needed it. Two storms and the ice had done them great damage.

For Robert this first real storm was an almost terrifying experience. Never before had he seen old Neptune in such a rage. Robert sat in his dormer window, and as the lightning flashed he could see the ocean. The seas like huge white mountains rose and fell with a noise that was louder than the thunder. All night he could see lanterns moving around, and he knew the fishermen were out trying to save their property from the ravages of the storm.

Once he heard a pig squealing, and was told the next morning the tide was so high that one old man had to remove his pig from a pen he had in the lower part of his field. Next morning what a sight! The tide was out, but strewn far up on the banks of the harbor and over the lowlands and across the road in many places were the marks of its wake.

Many cellars were flooded, but as it was the spring or early summer there was not much in them. Had it been late in the fall when winter provisions were laid in as was the case with many of the fishermen who could afford it the loss would have been greater. Great it was now. There were boats, nets, ropes, lobster traps, buoys, poles, logs and every available thing that the tide could reach piled here and there and everywhere. Single lobster traps were all smashed. The ones that were in deep water or on poles or trawled fared a little better as the heavy weight kept them solid.

Jack Bates' new boat had sunk at the collar. Jack was frantic, as he did not know how much damage had been done to her before she sank. With so many drift logs one may have punched a hole in her. However, the men all helped and it was found that the seas had swamped her and caused her to sink and that no great damage was done.

The negine, of course, was wet and the batteries and coil disabled. Jack thought himself lucky to get off with even that. Robert admired the courage of these fishermen as they picked over and sorted the mess. Marks on the net corks and on the buoys found the owners. Some went to villages miles up or down the shore as inquiries came from everywhere.

* * *

JACK picked up a new fleet of nets with J.B. cut on the corks. He knew they were not his, but what a temptation to keep them, as they were worth a lot of money and times were hard. But, Jack thought, the owner might be just as hard up as he was, and he advertised them in the *Morning Herald*. Soon an answer came from a man almost twenty-five miles up the coast. He was very glad that his nets had been found. Robert pitied these grim-faced men, as they toiled patiently, mending nets, repairing lobster traps and repainting boats that were damaged by the storm. Heroes? Yes, there are lots of them we never hear of.

Robert went often with Tom early mornings to his nets or traps, as that was the only time they seemed to have really good talks. Robert did not mind the lobsters now and could help Tom bait a trap or hold the headrope while he picked his nets. How he loved to see the silvery salmon or the speckled sea trout flop into the bottom of the boat! They looked almost too beautiful to eat, but just the same he enjoyed many a breakfast with Tom off the shiny fellows.

One morning a large fish came up so close to the boat that Robert yelled, "A whale! A whale!" Tom laughed until he nearly collapsed, but on looking overboard, he saw a huge porpoise. Quickly he caught up the harpoon. Up and down went the porpoise. Tom was about to let him go, when another boat came up to help him. Up came the porpoise, and that time the harpoon rang true and Mr. Porpoise was caught fast. Tom payed out the rope and the large fish swam round and round until he was tired. Then with the help of the two men in the second boat he was taken and towed ashore. That was good luck for Tom that day.

Another day a school of pollock came right in around the rocks near the shore. What a time; the fish splashing and the men running in all directions to try to get them. At last someone took a trap and with two boats rowed it around them and they captured a lot. When the fishermen see a chance

(Please turn to Page 10.)

St. Patrick and the Snakes

AN IRISH LEGEND

By "Hibernicus"

IT is a well-known fact that there are no snakes in Ireland. Indeed there are no venomous reptiles of any kind. There are no toads and, though there are now plenty of frogs, scientists say they have only been there for the last few hundred years.

According to legends it was not always so. A writer of the 12th century (that is about 700 years after St. Patrick's time) tells how "venomous and monstrous creatures used to rise out of the earh and sea, and so prevailed over the whole island, that they wounded both men and animals with their deadly stings, and often slew them with their cruel bitings." The same writer says that, "Demons . . . were seen flying in the air and walking on the earth, loathsome and horrible to behold, in such multitudes that it seemed as if the whole island were too small to give them standing and flying room. . . . And lastly magicians . . . abounded beyond what history records of any other country on the face of the earth."

* * *

THE old writer goes on to tell that the saint first expelled the reptiles and demons and then converted the magicians.

Another old writer tells how when St. Patrick was preparing for Easter Day the demons came round him in the shape of fierce-looking black birds. The saint prayed and sang hymns to banish them, but they still flew round him. At last he rang his bell so loudly that it was heard throughout all Erin and finally he flung it among them so that he broke a gap in its side. This so frightened them that the fled and left the mountain clear.

Then an angel came bringing a number of beautiful white birds which sang so sweetly that St. Patrick was cheered after his ordeal and no demons came near Ireland for seven years, seven months, seven days and seven nights.

* * *

AS to the snakes, St. Patrick gradually herded them all into one place in the west of Connaught. He frequently rang his bell, for serpents feared its beautiful silvery tones and fled before it. He drove all the reptiles up a great hill overlooking the sea.

Then he began to take his bell from its case, and the sight of it was enough. The serpents turned tail and fled, rushing and tumbling over the precipice. They made one stand in a hollow partway down the cliff, but the saint flung his bell after them. It banged and clanged over the rocks, and at its sound all the serpents rushed into the sea and were swallowed up by the waves.

Whereas some of the demons crept back after their seven years' exile was passed, the snakes never came back to Ireland at all. "St. Patrick's bell" is still to be seen in Dublin.

* * *

THERE was a belief in England in early times that if a person were bitten by a snake he could be cured by a poultice made from leaves brought from Ireland, and that if a garden became infested by noxious creatures a few handfuls of Irish earth would drive them away.

The story of St. Patrick and the demons and snakes is probably a picturesque way of telling how this great man drove the worship of false gods from Ireland and how during his long life he trained the Irish people in paths of goodness.

SUPRISE PARTY

Murphy: "What's that in your pocket?"

Pat (in whisper): "Dynamite. I'm waiting for Casey. Every time he meets me he slaps me on the chest and breaks me pipe. Next time he does it, he'll blow his hand off."

JACK MINER SAYS—

JACK MINER, the famous naturalist and pioneer in his wild bird sanctuary says:

"If I can get a child to have love for a bird or an animal how much greater his love will be for his fellow men."

"It was estimated that there were 20,000 American cars at my home last spring to see the wild geese, I have no proof of the exact number, but we do know there were over four hundred cars parked here at one time. How many cars would come to see a pile of dead geese? What is worth most to Canada. Live or dead attractions?"

STUCK!

The teacher had been giving a lesson on the use of the word "immaterial," and to discover what the children had learned asked them to bring some article to school demonstrating the word.

Next day she said to one bright youth, "Now, Johnny, show me what you have brought."

"Well," said Johnny, rising, "will you please hold this stick tightly at both ends?"

Having done this, the teacher inquired what was to be done next.

"Let go one end of the stick," commanded the pupil.

"Which end?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, it's immaterial," replied Johnny "there's glue on both ends."

An Irish Idyll

THOMAS MOORE, the Irish poet, (1780—1852) *was author of many lyrics as well as of longer poems. The words of "The Meeting of the Waters" are said to have come to him as he rested in the Vale of Avoca, one of the beauty spots of the County Wicklow.*

The two rivers which mingle their waters there are the Avonmore and the Avonbeg. ("The big and little Avon".) Moore set his verses to a traditional Irish air.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

By Thomas Moore

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green,
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still,

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! How calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

God's Program

A REAL hindrance to Christian service is when individuals are not willing to take the part the Lord has planned. It may be the individual is a a lazy Christian. It may be, but should not be, but is frequently found to be so among professing Christians, that the place is not prominent enough; they are looking for a higher office. It has been said, "Between the little things we can not do, there is a great danger of not doing anything at all." We are all members of the body of Jesus Christ. Not all members have the same office, and each one has different gifts. Each individual can be of best service and is happier to be contented just as the Lord has planned.—Youth's Christian Companion.

Nothing that is done for Love is useless.

I have a head to think, Lord, help me to think of Thee and for Thee; Thou hast put me in this world for something, Lord, show me what that is, and help me to work out my life purpose. — Spurgeon.

The struggle going on in the world is not so much a struggle between Dictators and Democrats as a struggle between good and evil and it will only be when God's help is sought through prayer that a satisfactory solution will be found.

The church is our spiritual training-ground.

Only Heaven means "crowned" not "vanquished" when it says "forgiven."

The Church is a great spiritual laundry for removing the stains of sin.

World-Round Demonstration

CHURCH WOMEN IN 51 COUNTRIES UNITE IN THOUGHT ON DAY OF PRAYER

THE Columbia Broadcasting System was prepared to devote a special program to the World Day of Prayer scheduled for Feb 28th, a CBS News Bulletin issued Feb. 24th stated:

"The day's observance begins in New Zealand and the Fiji Islands. As the day progresses, groups in cities and hamlets unite in services until, after some 40 hours, the day ends at Gambell on St. Lawrence Island, off the coast of Alaska.

"The origin of the day goes back to an 1887 meeting of Presbyterian women missionary supporters in the United States. In 1920, both in Canada and the United States, churchwomen of all denominations united for the "Day of Prayers for Missions—Home and Foreign." The idea was extended to a World Day of Prayer in 1927."

The CBS Broadcast was to be conducted by Miss Margaret Applegarth, chairman of the World Day of Prayer, and Mrs. Emery Ross, member of the Women's Council of Foreign Missions Conference of North America. Professor Solon Alberti was to lead the Angelus Singers from the Dramatic Oratorio Festival Foundation of the Central Christian Church, New York.

"Self-surrender consists in making ourselves content in the actual moment; not attributing anything that befalls us to the creature, but beholding all things in God, and considering them as coming infallibly from His hand, our own sin only excepted."—Madame Guyon.

Every difficulty is either a grindstone or a stepping stone.

"Withhold not from God His just due. . . Talent, time, wealth, and all that thou hast are His, but given unto thy keeping to improve and use for His glory. . . . See that thou payest thy debt with interest."

The One Talent

I was afraid, and went and hid my talent in the earth; lo, there thou hast that is thine.—Matt. 25:25.

Time was, I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

J. H. Newman.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : The Lord lifteth up the meek. —Psalm 147:6.

Mon. : I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.—Psalm 121:1.

Tue. : Thou art my refuge and my portion. —Psalm 142:5

Wed. : O Lord, correct me, but with judgment.—Jer. 10:24

Thu. : I will put my spirit within you. —Ezekiel 36:27

Fri. : They shall know that I am the Lord.—Ezekiel 38:23

Sat. : In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Psalm 31:1

Prayer

SEND us out, we pray Thee, to face this troubled, difficult, and often cruel world. May we know how to lay soothing hands upon places that are hurt and for ourselves keep closely in our vision all that is excellent and beautiful, lovely, and of a good report. Give us radiance. Make our faith contagious. May we be among those who help bring humanity to its victory, when the kingdom of God's righteousness shall come. We ask it in the spirit of Christ. Amen. —Christian World.

"Let naught disturb thee; naught fright thee ever;
All things are passing; God changeth never.
Patience e'er conquers; with God for thine own
Thou nothing dost lack; He sufficeth alone."
—Saint Teresa.

"The one person to whom I owe everything is the Triune God—the Father, Son and Holy Spirit whose ever-circling Love has given me every good thing I possess or have experienced."

The Breastplate of St. Patrick

Put on the whole armour of God. —Eph. 6:2.

I bind unto myself today
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One and One in Three.

I bind unto myself today
The pow'r of God to hold and lead,
His eye to watch, His might to stay,
His ear to harken to my need.
The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, His shield to ward;
The Word of God to give me speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard.

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

I bind unto myself the Name,
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, the One in Three.
Of Whom all nature hath creation;
Eternal Father, Spirit, Word:
Praise to the Lord of my salvation,
Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

Amen.

(Mrs. C. F. Alexander.)

Young People's Bible Reading

The Upper Room

for Sunday
MAR. 16, 1941.
Luke 22:14-30

by BEREAN

OUR Lord cleansed the Temple of its buyers and sellers on the Monday of Passover Week. The rest of the day was spent in teaching and healing in the Temple courts.

The challenge to His authority and His reply came on the Tuesday morning. All that day was a day of conflict. Over and over again His enemies tried to trap Him, that they might twist His words so as to set either the people or the Roman authorities against Him.

And each time, with words which,—as John says in Revelation,—flashed like a sword from His lips, He defeated their purpose.

And each time,—never satisfied with a mere verbal victory,—He raised the argument to the highest level,—as it would look in the sight of God.

His enemies were "not able to take hold of His sayings before the people." Even among the scribes,—a class generally opposed to Him,—there were some who saw that He spoke the truth. "Master, thou hast well said."

Toward evening as He rested before leaving the Temple He saw a poor widow casting two mites into the treasury,—"the smallest sum it was considered lawful to give." With His ready love and understanding of the poor, He said that she "had cast in more than they all," because she had cast in all she had.

How this lovely incident must have encouraged Him. The leaders of the nation had set themselves against Him, the bulk of the people were fickle, even His disciples did not understand Him, but there were quiet humble souls who were serving God and these were a pledge of the victory of God's kingdom.

Our Lord seems to have spent Wednesday and the earlier part of Thursday in deep seclusion, "preparing, we may believe, for the terrible struggle of Gethsemane and Calvary. We may feel sure that, as on that other night, a crisis in His life, He continued all night in prayer to God.'" (Paterson Smyth)

"The Table of the Lord"

THEN Thursday, probably in the late afternoon, He sent Peter and John into the city. Read about the preparation for the Passover. (St. Luke 22: 9-13)

Like the owners of the ass on Palm Sunday, it is natural to suppose that the householder was a friend.

Our Lord knew that His enemies were closing in on Him. The secret preparation and the code of "watch-words" and signals were necessary so that this Last Supper would not be interrupted by His arrest.

When the hour was come.—The hour of the Passover. Between sunset and dark. (Ex. 12:8)

He sat down and the apostles with him.—In accordance with the custom of that day they reclined on benches or couches. "There would be three tables placed as three sides of a square, with the benches on the further side of them, the opening of the square being available for a servant to bring in the dishes. (Adeney)

With desire.—"I have longed eagerly." (Moffatt) From John we learn that this was not the actual Passover. Our Lord knew that His arrest was imminent and had been obliged to arrange for this Last Supper on the evening preceding that of the regular Feast.

All the thoughts surrounding the Last Supper are very touching and very beautiful. Our Lord and the twelve had been accustomed to take their evening meal together. It was the time when they would feel most closely drawn to each other.

Often, we think, when the dark fell and before the lights were brought in, the disciples would tell Him of the things that had happened during the day, of their failures, their puzzles, their worries, and He would speak wonderful words of help and comfort. At such seasons especially they would know the meaning of "communion."

This would especially be so, when the familiar meal would be linked up with the remembrance of what God had done for their people in the old time.

This was the last occasion they would meet under the old conditions.—But it would be the beginning of a new and even more intimate communion which should last for all time, and for all eternity.

"In Remembrance of Me"

I WILL not eat till it be fulfilled. (v. 16) . . . I will not drink till the kingdom of God shall come. (v. 18)—"As though this Passover Supper were "a prophecy and an imperfect anticipation of the great feast of the kingdom" to which the Hebrew people looked forward.

Or the "fulfilling" and the coming of the kingdom may mean our Lord's triumph over death and the descent of the Spirit. When His loved ones meet at His table He is truly present "not in the body of His humiliation but in the power of His risen and glorious life." The two views do not exclude each other." (Dummelow)

And He received the cup (R.V.) Implying that the cup had been handed to Him. Four cups were placed before the Celebrant in the Jewish Passover.

Given thanks.—The First Cup,—the Cup of Consecration—was blessed and passed round.

(Please turn to Page 8.)

"This is My body, which is given for you;
Do this," He said, and brake, "remembering Me."
O Lamb of God, our Paschal offering true,
To us the Bread of life each moment be.

"This is My blood, for sin's remission shed,"
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing round;
So let us drink, and on life's fulness feed,
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

Some will betray Thee—"Master, is it I?"
Leaning upon Thy love, we ask in fear—
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the strong, for strength, when sin is near.

—C. L. Ford.

Memory Verse

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come.
—1 Corinthians 11:26

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Luke 22:7-13
Tue.—Luke 22:14-23
Wed.—Luke 22:24-30
Thu.—Matt. 26:26-29.
Fri.—1 Cor. 11:23-26
Sat.—1 Cor. 11:27-31
Sun.—John 6:48-51

Don't Rub It With Snow

MEDICAL authority, says the United Press has reversed the age-old notion that frostbitten ears, cheeks, nose or fingers should be rubbed with snow.

Condemning such a foolish practice the current issue of Michigan Public Health, says.

"Use of the warm hand or other sources of body heat has long been recognized by physicians as the proper treatment." "Yet" the journal says, "the popular notion of rubbing with snow or even with ice persists."

The journal quotes Dr. A. D. Aldrich, a member of the state council of health as saying, "severe stroking of a frostbitten part may rub off a portion of the skin" The advice is further supported by the Proceedings of the Mayo Clinic, which says that "rubbing a part after freezing should never be done, and rubbing with snow is especially contra-indicated."

Very gentle friction with soft dry fur or wool glove or mitt may be applied while the sufferer is still out in the cold. But it should be applied at the first tingle of frost bite.

After a part is really frozen it does not hurt till it begins to thaw out. Rough treatment of a frozen part may break off more than the skin. When an ear is frozen, all its little veins are frozen and in their brittle condition these would crack with rough treatment so that the circuatory system in the lobe of the ear would be impaired. Such impairment renders the part more likely to be frozen again.

The idea behind the dry snow treatment was that it be applied indoors, not to start the circulation but to retard it lest a too rapid thawing would add to the pain. But the application of body warmth, not more, is the right way.

THE UPPER ROOM

(Continued from Page 7.)

Divide it among yourselves.—"All partook of the cup, as all partook of the bread." (Adeney)

Bread . . . brake it.—The bread was a flat, unleavened cake.

Given for you.—Our Lord said "given for you" not "given to you." The reference is to sacrifice as is afterwards indicated in reference to the cup. He not only gives His body to feed His disciples, "He gives it on their behalf." (Adeney)

In remembrance of me.—Not only, and it seems to me, not chiefly, of His death but of His life. There is a lovely note of appeal in these words, "Do not forget Me."

After supper.—"The bread was taken during the meal, while they were eating, the cup when it was over." (Adeney)

Cup of the new covenant. (R.V.)—Our Lord recalls Jeremiah's words. (Jer. 31:31-34)

In—A Hebrew term, meaning "by means of".

My blood.—A reference to Jewish practice. Our Lord refers to his death after the analogy of a sacrifice that confirms a covenant. "The blood is the life."

Our Saviour "shed His blood for us." That is, He gave His life for us, His death was the completion of a life of sacrifice.

Is shed for you.—"Is poured out for you." (R.V.) As the wine is poured into the cup.

"Lord is it I?"

THE hand of him that betrayeth me. —The moment of our Lord's declaration, "One of you shall betray me!" is taken by Leonard da Vinci for his great picture of "The Last Supper" about which we read in the Messenger of January 25.

Began to question. — Matthew and Mark tell us how, startled and sorrowful, and each distrusting himself, the disciples all began to ask, "Lord is it I?"

Matthew and Mark indicate that the declaration came before the institution of the Sacrament. John tells how our Lord dipped the sop,—a special pledge of good will,—and gave it to Judas. It was a last endeavor to save him from his terrible sin. Judas rejected the loving appeal: He immediately went out, "And it was night."

A contention.—We would be right in placing this incident before the supper. Probably it is this that led to our Lord washing the feet of the disciples. Read the lovely story. (St. John 13:1-17)

Greatest: Literally "greater" that is, "greater than the others."

Kings.—"A touch of irony. These peasants were not kings. What occasion had they for pride of place?" (Adeney)

Gentiles.—Therefore heathen, without the revelation which they had received.

Called Benefactors. —"As though their favors were acts of condescending patronage." (Adeney)

He that serveth.—Illustrated in the feet washing, recorded by St. John.

Ye have continued with me. (R.V.) —In spite of their faults, the Lord saw their honest, good, faithful hearts. As St. John says, "God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things." (1 John 3:20)

Temptations.—Trials, troubles. Note how grateful our Lord was to them and how He appreciated their friendship.

On thrones.—All the apostles would have high places. Why should they dispute about such little things as to which should be "greatest"? "Some day they will be greater than those heathen monarchs whose pride they are imitating, but with no need for jealousy, because without mutual rivalry." (Adeney)

"Holy Communion"

IF you have time, read the story of the Last Supper in all the Gospels.

Read especially the four accounts of the institution of the Sacrament (St. Matt. 26:26-29; St. Mark 14:22-25; St. Luke 22:17-20; 1 Cor. 11:23-26) All Christians were familiar with the story when St. John wrote. He doesn't think it necessary to repeat it but he gives us its inner meaning. "I am the Bread of Life.," "I in them, and Thou in Me that they may be made perfect in one." (St. John, Chapters 6 and 13 to 17)

It is a tragedy that the Sacrament which our Lord established to unite all that love Him to God and to each other (1 Cor. 10:10) has been an occasion of disunion and controversy.

I always feel that the less we argue over these great things the better. There are things even in our ordinary life that are too wonderful and too sacred for definition. What words can define a mother's love for her baby or a babe's confidence in its mother! There are times when we can only love and trust and worship.

Among many thoughts that crowd in on one's mind two or three stand out. Our Lord by choosing the ordinary food of the Syrian peasant to represent the greatest Mystery shows us that all our ordinary life is sacred. The whole world is a Sacrament.

And then Bread is the symbol of strength, the Vine is the symbol of joy. God wants us to be strong and joyous.

And then above all He shows us that the Christian life is not merely obeying Him, or imitating Him,—though these have their place. It is "abiding in Him," living in and by His life, "That we may evermore dwell in Him and He in us."

Even before we are old enough to take the Sacrament we can "abide in Him and He in us" by prayer, by seeing God in everything that is lovely and good and by loving obedience.

QUESTIONS

1. Where did the "Last Supper" take place?
2. "With desire"—What does this mean?
3. What did our Lord say about the Bread?
4. What did He say about the Cup?
5. What did He say about one of the Apostles?
6. What contention rose among the Apostles?
7. "I am among you—" Complete the sentence.
8. What is the great teaching of the Sacrament?
9. "This do——" Complete the sentence.

(For Answers, see Page 10.)

Home is the training ground for time and eternity.—Sel.

BOOMERANG JOKE

(Continued from Page 2.)

there had been an accident; several young people had been injured and "Old Ethel" was lying unconscious in the local hospital. Dick's first reaction was a feeling of anticipation and relief. But like a sharp blow came memory of the postcard, and he felt sick with remorse. He looked at Billy, and Billy returned a look of distressed terror.

So began the most shattering week Dick had ever experienced. Poor "Old Ethel" had been insulted and hurt, perhaps the last conscious day of her life. And all because she had made them learn their history, and behave like civilized students. Neither boy now cherished any delusions about his misdeeds. Dick groaned wildly to himself as he remembered Stella's prophecy, and wished a thousand times that just this once she could have forgotten to post that letter. He couldn't discuss it even with Billy. He crouched in corners, and glowered at everybody day after day. At night when he went to bed, he could hear Stella sobbing, "you'll be glad I forgot—," until after three night's torment he climbed out of bed, got on his knees, and made a tortured sort of plea for help.

The week brought him little comfort. For the substitute teacher he worked as he had never worked for Miss Barnes although he hated him for taking her place, and for being "no earthly use." Indeed everyone knew that only Miss Barnes' condition kept them from breaking into wild disorder.

It was a terrible week. Toward the end there was a little relief. Miss Barnes was slightly better, but was not yet out of danger.

Two more weeks dragged on and she was able to go to her home about thirty miles away to convalesce. The doctor, however, stated that her health was in such a precarious condition that the least mental disturbance might bring about a fatal relapse. This was not much better. A new and horrible thought had occurred to Dick. If that wretched card had not already reached Miss Barnes, what if it reached her now? Suppose it had been held up in the mail and should now be forwarded to her at her home?

As another week of this sort of thing followed, Mrs. Miller became anxious. Dick was morose and listless. He and Billy were never apart, and they avoided all other playmates.. Once Herb nastily suggested to Dick that he was sulking because he wasn't on the cricket team, and Dick retorted icily, "No, Herb; I'm staying away to give you a chance—you couldn't stand up to a rival—you might forget to bat—you forget so easily."

And the gibe relieved his torment a little, for he now had a positive feeling that Herb was the author of much of his woe. But whilst Dick was repenting in sackcloth and ashes his mother suffered endless worry concerning his behavior. It was absurd that a boy of fourteen, especially one with Dick's abundant energy, should waste days and days brooding because of trouble with a teacher months ago, especially as the teacher had won out. She consulted her husband, but he refused to take it seriously. She questioned Stella discreetly, but all Stella could offer was that Dick had had "a crush on Miss Barnes." And Mrs. Miller thoroughly exasperated, dismissed this talk as "downright silly."

Three more weeks crept away, and there was no change. Surely healthy boys couldn't remain sentimentally mournful all that time. It looked to Mrs. Miller more like a painful attack of guilty conscience. She cudgelled her brain fruitlessly to discover its origin. And seeing no way out, and beginning to fear for her son's health she resorted to her oft-tried consolation—prayer.

* * *

WHEN both mother and son seemed to have reached the peak of unhappiness, their prayers were suddenly answered. Dick returned home one Friday at four, feeling blue and discouraged. The week end would be another nightmare, he gloomed as he entered the door. And it was with bored disinterest that he answered "yes" to his mother's call from the library.

"Do you know anything about this?" she asked quietly, handing him a queer wrinkled paper. He felt a bit surprised, but he had no hope or premonition of the truth as he felt her eyes glued to his face.

Slowly he turned the paper over. It looked as if it had been wet. It was an envelope, a new stamp upon it, the address blurred and smudged, but he could just make out,

MISS ETHEL BARNES, B.A.,
HIGH SCHOOL STAFF
TOWN.

Dick felt his heart turn over with a sickening thud. His fingers shook as dazedly he fumbled it open, and drew out the hideous St. Patrick postcard.

"Where did you get it, mother?" he whispered faintly.

"I found it in the pocket of Stella's smock.—She says you gave it to her to post, and she forgot.—She's upstairs now, crying wildly—" Mrs. Miller was astonished to see a gleam of positive relief light Dick's face—"She says when you gave it to her you told her not to let anyone see it. Right after that I called her, and she slipped it from the pile of mail she was going to post and dropped it in her pocket. I gave her more letters, and she laid them on the table while she did an errand for me. Then she had to run to catch the mail. She threw her smock on the trunk upstairs and forgot your letter. She says she was sure she had posted it. The smock slipped behind the trunk, and only today we found it, put it in the tub, and then found and dried the envelope."

Suddenly Dick realized that his mother had not looked in the envelope. For a long time he couldn't speak. He felt the earth spinning around him. And he knew what it meant to have a millstone drop from about your neck. But he was so grateful he wanted to confess, and out tumbled the whole story. It was so glorious to pour out an account of his hideous torment. And he made a clean breast to his mother of all his silly behavior, and even his malice.

It wasn't difficult when it was all over to compare half-shyly their resort to prayer, nor to marvel at the unexpected result that followed. And it didn't take much persuading to send Dick flying joyfully upstairs, his black hair standing on end, shouting to his sister, "Hi Stella, dry up and cheer up!" Nor was it hard to own up that he was "tickled pink" because she had forgotten. After all, it was bliss to be sure that only he and Billy had suffered through that revengeful postcard.

* * *

MISS BARNES recovered and was able to return to school after the summer holidays. She was astonished at the change in Billy and Dick who stuck to their tasks in a wonderful way and who exercised an increasingly excellent influence in the school.

One day the boys summoned up courage to tell her the secret of the change. She both smiled a little and cried a little at the story. She insisted that they must not worry any more, since God had overruled everything for the best.

The "owning up" has created a new

(Please turn to Page 13.)

Worth

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded and the monarch crowned.
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend: a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunella.

—Alexander Pope.

The Chums Mail Bag

DEAR CHUMS,—

The days are growing longer and the sun is growing stronger. We begin to think again "If winter comes can spring be far behind?" Every season has its good points and winter has many. One is the opportunity for sports which we all enjoy so much. Another nice thing about winter is that there are so many occasions for fun. While not forgetting the deeper meaning of Christmas we do have some grand family parties at that season and at New Years too, Also in winter come St. Valentine's and St. Patrick's days and somehow the spirit of youth just turns naturally to parties on these occasions. Almost any evening in the winter can become a gala evening if some one has an inspiration to make it so. Many of you have had splendid times on hikes, sleigh rides, skiing or skating parties, or indoor parties — memories that you can always look back to with keen enjoyment. How would it be to each try writing a letter on "My Best Memory of This Winter"? A pencil for the best letter — or if the writer already has his or her Messenger pencil some other suitable award will be given. This is not part of our regular contest. A new subject will be announced for Part III either before or immediately after Easter. But we'd still like to know how you've enjoyed this winter and what your Best Memory is. So let's hear from **everybody** RIGHT AWAY!

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

Dear Aunt Ruth;—I received the lovely Northern Messenger pencil which you sent me as a prize for my entry in your latest contest. I was sure pleased to get it. Again thanking you for printing my letter. I was also pleased to see my name as Star Correspondent. Hoping to enter into your next contest, A chum:—Thelma Shaw.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums;—Once more I am writing to this interesting page.

We had a bad snow-storm here recently. The wind blew the snow and blocked lanes and roads. On No. 2 highway, near Trenton, a transport got blocked in the road and couldn't make any headway. Cars were lined along the highway. The people stopped in homes along the road. One person invited about seventy people into his house. There was no church the following Sunday as people couldn't get to church!

Near the Trenton River a Canadian National Railway Express plowed into a freight train which had engine trouble. The crew of the freight train were unable to signal the express in time to save an accident. We felt very badly about it.

How many of you chums enter the National Temperance Study Course which appears in this paper every fall? I have answered the questions for five years. I received a lovely pin with the W.C.T.U. emblem on it. I wear it on my coat. Those of you who haven't got one should try to win one. They are lovely.

I enjoy my Northern Messenger pencil which was sent to me for my entry in the latest contest. The first work it did was drawing pieces for a quilt top. I must close now. Goodbye, Thelma Shaw.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums;—I am a new chum, Mildred Blanche Ross.

I was eleven years old the thirteenth of Dec. I have a sister thirteen, whose name is Alice.

My brother Howard, is only a little fellow six months old. We live on a farm and raise cows and pigs and have two horses. My hobbies are coasting and sewing.

I go to Sunday School every Sunday in the summer and to Public School where I am in Grade VII. My teacher is Jean Ross and she is very nice. There are 24 of us going to school together.

We have a Junior Red Cross branch and we have a meeting every two weeks. We have knitted several face cloths for the soldiers.

I would like very much to find a Pen Pal, I can't write letters very well, but I will try to answer your letters. Your loving new chum:—Mildred Blanche Ross, P.E.I.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

This Week's Star Correspondent

THELMA SHAW

Honorable Mention

MILDRED ROSS

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

CONVALESCENCE

If ever you've glowered at the ceilin'
Frae the braid o' your back for six weeks,
You'll ken it's a curious feelin'
Aince mair to get into your breeks;
But it's fine to sit up in a chair again
To get to the top o' the stair again
An' stand wi' the cauld, caller air again
On your cheeks.

For a while your legs are sae stechy
That although you've a stick in your hand,
The shortest, wee brae mak's you pechy
An your knees seem beyond your command;
But it's fine to be takin' your meat again,
To feel yourself up on your feet again,
An' just to get oot to the street again
Aye, it's grand!

—Alex Scott in N. S. W. Presbyterian.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. In Jerusalem.
2. "I have greatly desired," "I have longed eagerly."
3. "This is My body."
4. "This is the new covenant in My blood."
5. "One of you shall betray me."
6. Which should be the greatest.
7. "I am among you as he that serveth."
8. That to live as Christians we must "abide in Him and He in us."
9. "This do in remembrance of Me."

BEHIND THE COUNTER

(Continued from Page 4.)

to make an honest dollar they are not "behind the door."

'It is an ill wind that blows nobody good'; even the storm gave a little back to Topville. Floating in from the sea for almost a week afterwards came goods of all sorts. Some big freighter must have lost her deck load as barrels of oil and gasoline, planks, boards, empty barrels, tubs of lard and butter, hogsheads of pork and beef were among the spoils. The men were always on the lookout, for anything floating on the water might be a find for them. Jack Bates made a good haul when he picked up five crates of furniture. He supplied all Topville with chairs. He donated sixteen to the T.P.C., whereat the boys' rejoicing knew no bounds.

(To Be Continued.)

"The Paint Brush-Instead of This Yardstick"

By Julia Graydon

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

WE have all heard of the "Brook Farm" Colony, a group of famous literary men and women who lived and worked together in a large farmhouse not far from Boston many years ago. In the last century there was in France a similiar group of men who were artists and belonged to what is called the Barbizon School of Painting, called so because they and their families lived for part of the year at Barbizon, a small village near a great woods. Corot and Rousseau belonged to this group. (We shall hear about Rousseau next week.)

Corot was born in Paris in 1796, the son of peasant stock and glad to acknowledge it. His father and mother were Court milliners and the boy, Jean Baptiste Camille, was jolly and good-natured and loved country life. He adored his mother, whom he called "la Belle Femme" (the beautiful woman). He always went to church with her and said he was proud to walk with her. His father wanted him to take up the trade, so he began as a clerk in a drygoods store at seventeen; but he was not satisfied and said one day, "I want to use the paint-brush instead of this yardstick."

He had been well educated and was anxious now to study art, so his father gave his consent and he was very happy. Paris was attractive to the young Corot, but he loved the summer home of the family at Ville d'Vray far more, for there he could sketch the lake and the trees. At fifteen he had painted classic landscapes and as the years went by he made much progress.

Then he longed to see Rome, so one day he set off for Italy, where he made many friends, but his pictures did not take as he had hoped they would and there were some artists who called his foliage "an indistinct mass". But Corot plodded on for he knew he could "make good," and finally his pictures were admitted to the Salon, though people did not stand long before them. His first pictures at the Salon in Italy were "A view of Narin" and "Campagna at Rome." The younger artists began to admire Corot for his pluck and once they clubbed together and gave him a gold medal.

By and by he grew tired of Rome and went back to France, joining the painters at Barbizon. There he worked from eight o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening. He would get up early to watch the sunrise and would work hard all day. Then at the close of day he would say, "I must stop now for my Heavenly Father has put out my lamp." When he was painting he wore a blue blouse, a cap of striped cotton material and carried a cotton umbrella to keep off the sun. Out there at Barbizon he painted "soft silvery landscapes full of mist and sunshine" some of his paintings showed forests peopled with fabled nymphs and druids. As some one has said "he brought forth nature's hidden beauties," and he himself was wont to say "I have a rendezvous with Nature," as he went into the woods.

Politics never bothered him he did not care for money except to help his friends. He never married, so he did not have the joys of home life, but he entered into the joys and sorrows of his Barbizon friends and became very dear to them. During the Siege of Paris he assisted in ambulance work.

* * *

IT was not until Corot reached the age of sixty that he was recognized as a great painter, a "painter of the misty morning, shadowy evening and hazy springtime." He died in Paris in 1875 and a short time before his death he seemed to have a vision and moved his hands towards the wall, saying "I have never seen so lovely a landscape."

The most important feature in the great painter's pictures was color, and his favorite colors were browns, pale greens and silvery grays. Corot's favorite book was "Imitation of Christ" which he loved to read when he was alone. Among his best pictures are "Roman Forum," bequeathed by him to the Museum of Luxembourg, "The Coliseum," "Baptism of Christ" and "Ville d'Vray," now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. After his death he was callied "the greatest poet and the tenderest soul of the nineteenth century in art."

The Little Cake-Shop

By M. W. Fox

For the Messenger.

LITTLE Cecil Wilkinson loved to sit and look out of the sitting-room window. He liked it best of all the windows in the house. This was because he could see right through the open space between the houses to the other side of the street and right through to the opposite side of the next street which was not at all like theirs: it was a business street with stores. How the motor cars did hum along on that street, and the street cars! And there were people all the time—all kinds of people.

But what he liked best about it was that his view ended in—the nicest little cake shop. It was right there facing them on the other side of the next street; the open space led across to it. All day long there were people going and coming into that cake-shop, little people, big people; old people, young people; people walking and people in cars. Cecil could see them all when he sat at that window. Nearly always when the people came out of the shop they had a parcel carrying it very carefully in their hands.

Cecil was always interested in those boxes. He'd wonder what was in them—just who would eat it. Today he said to his mother:

"See, mother, that old man with his cane coming out of the cake-shop. I guess he's afraid he'll fall—likely that's a pie he's got—eh, mother! I wonder if it's mince or apple. Likely his wife has sent him for it for dinner—eh, mother!"

A little boy ran into the shop—Cecil could just think he heard the door bang. "I bet that little boy has gone in for some cookies with nice fat raisins in them—eh, mother?"

"There's a lady—my she's in a hurry! I expect she's left her children alone and said, 'Now children, be good and don't be lonesome; I'm just going for some jam tarts for supper and I'll be right back'—eh, mother?"

* * *

HIS mother laughed. "Have you seen your little girl yet today—the one with the green coat and long curls that you like so well? I'm so glad, you enjoy watching the cake-shop, particularly since you've been shut in with that cold."

"No, she hasn't been yet, but, I'm keeping a watch out she comes almost every day. She's the nicest little girl that goes in there—her coat's as green as grass and her curls are so yellow that even the days I was sickest when she came to the shop it always cheered me up like sunshine. I watch for

her every day now—I wonder what her name is and where she lives! She must be a pretty good little girl or her mother wouldn't trust her to carry home nice cakes and pies—eh, mother?"

"Why, I believe there she is now! Look! You can tell it's she by the green coat."

"And the yellow curls."

Sure enough, in she went to the little cake shop. The door shut behind her.

"I wonder what she's buying today, mother . . . .oh, here she comes!"

"I think she must have something very special today—see, Cecil, she's carrying it so very carefully, and walking so slowly."

"Maybe it's a lemon pie."

"Or short-cake," laughed his mother.

"O—h! O—h! Mother, she's let it fall —oh, dear, —I know she's crying, —look! look, mother!" but now Cecil was off his chair, wringing his hands and almost crying himself, he was so sorry for the little girl.

"Mother —please. let me go over and help her—I'll put on my overcoat —you know my cold is almost better —oh, hurry, mother—I'll run all the way."

"She's sitting down on the next door-step, poor little thing, trying to put them together I suppose," and as Cecil's mother was saying this she was getting into her own coat and hat, and handing Cecil his.

"I WAS just going to get one of those little cherry-cakes for supper, the ones you like so well."

"Oh, goody! One of those round pink cakes with the white frosting and the big cherries cooked in it?" and for a moment Cecil forgot about the little girl, he was so pleased to know they were going to have his favorite cake for supper.

It only took them a few minutes to reach the end of their short street and then round the corner to the shop.

The little girl was still on the door-step. She looked the picture of misery her big blue eyes were all tears, she was sobbing and trying to fix her cakes together again.

"Oh, mother, they're cream-puffs!" he said despairingly to his mother as they came near, "and she's trying to put the cream in again, but it's all over mud."

Little Green-coat heard him and looked up and saw them.

"It's too bad, dear," kindly smiled Cecil's mother at her.

"Oh, dear, they won't do at all," she answered pitifully. "What ever shall I do? Mother will be so disappointed! —They were for company, you know— they were six. one for each and one left over and I— I—was carrying them ever so carefully only—only the bag broke and they got smashed—and I can't mend them— oh, whatever will mother say!—and it's most time for the company!" with that she just put her head down in amongst the ruins of the cream-puffs, and sobbed and sobbed, her yellow curls mixing all up with the muddy cream and splinters of the puffs outside-stuff.

CECIL went over and slipped his warm hand into her puff-smeared one.

"You don't need to take on so, little girl," he said manfully. "Mother and I will go in and buy you six more puffs.

"I'm sorry, Cecil, but I've only the money for the cherry cake for supper —"broke in his mother.

"We don't have to have that cake do we mother—I'm sure I don't—I'd—I'd far rather she had the puffs."

So, after all, Little Green-coat went home smiling and carrying the puffs, hurrying as fast as she could but still carrying the bag ever so carefully.

When Cecil and his mother got home the telephone was ringing. His mother hurried to answer.

It was her sister—Cecil's Aunt Fan. She said: "Oh, Min—I hope you're not busy—I want you to put your hat on right away and come out tea with me, and bring Cecil—at Mrs. Willobys you know, that friend of mine that I told you about—she's wanted to meet you for a long time, and yesterday she asked me in to tea today—she and Marjorie are all alone; and said to try and get you and Cecil to come—not to mind the informality. So I said I'd be sure and bring you—and if I didn't forget all about it until a few minutes ago—tea was to be at six—it's just ten minutes—so do come right away—I'll be there."

IT didn't take Cecil and his mother but a few minutes to dress in their best clothes—and away they hurried.

They were waiting tea at Mrs. Willobys. Almost right away they went to the dining-room. And if there at the table wasn't sitting— Little Green-coat, and there in front of her the plate of cream-puffs.

"O—h, was it you?" exclaimed Cecil's mother.

"O—h, was it you?—is this where you live?—and were we the company the puffs were for?" exclaimed Cecil, so surprised.

And little Green-coat was too surprised to answer, when she saw who the company was.

"Well, it's the first time I ever invited company and let them buy their own food—if it isn't the limit!" said Mrs. Willoby between laughs. So then everyone "laughed till they cried."

"You two are sure to be good friends after all this," added Aunt Fan.

And she was right, so, many, many times after that Cecil and little Green-Coat went to the little cake shop together.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Weekly Sunday Magazine

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall (1855-7). Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger. Present title adopted, 1876.

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm.)

Notice to Correspondents

Contributors of poems, stories, etc., who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. We cannot pay for Poems.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

To Sunday Schools

6 or more to one address at 50c. each.

To Home Addresses

Prepaid—by the Year—

Single Subscriptions ..... 80 cts.

CLUB rates to separate addresses

3 or more at 70 cts. each.
6 or more at 65 cts. each.

REDUCED PREPAID RATES

(or on yearly contract payable quarterly, 13c per quarter.)

ABOUT POSTAGE

Above rates include postage throughout Br. Empire (*except as below*).

EXTRA POSTAGE: For Greater Montreal (city of publication). Australia, and U. S. A. and oversea foreign countries 50 cts. extra for single subscriptions.

S. S. packages to such addresses by arrangement.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested*, though it may be addressed to him in c/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer.

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,

P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

WORD SQUARE

Bread. A cruel giant. Space. An exploit.

WORD CHANGE

Change Bone into Meat in five moves.

BEHEADINGS

1. Behead a boat and you get an animal.
2. Behead a headdress and you get bird.
3. Behead lack of plenty and you get the world.
4. Behead first-class and you get hoar-frost.
5. Behead a mental picture and you get something given.
6. Behead twenty and you get to the heart.

WHAT FISH?

1. The lady lost her ring in the water.
2. The man was beating the carpet.
3. His "Hark!" caused me to listen.
4. I shall pick. Rely on me to make a good choice.
5. Mack relishes fried salmon.
6. Calling "Here Hal!" I buttered a piece of bread and passed it to him.

PASSING THE STICK

The children stand in a ring and pass a walking stick round very rapidly in time to music. When the music stops the one who is left with the stick in his hand must go out, and the game continues until it has been fought out between the last two remaining.

THE BALLOON BATTLE

EACH child has a balloon attached to his ankle by a string about half a yard long. They dance about in couples, and the object of each player is to keep his own balloon intact and burst as many others as possible. The winning couple is the last to have one balloon between them. This game goes quickly and riotously, and needs one or two sharp-eyed umpires, so that the last balloon is not burst in the general excitement.

QUEER CATS

1. The librarian's cat. 2. The questioning cat. 3. The church cat. 4. The violent cat. 5. The unfortunate cat. 6. The floating cat. 7. The weight-throwing cat. 8. The water cat. 9. The cat that grows in the fields 10. The cat that roams the plains.

DAD'S TURN

"If the children are asleep, will you get out the electric train?"

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Riddles Old and New—1. One yard. 2. Because it's a deck oration (decoration). 3. Your right elbow. 4. The beech (beach). 5. IX minus I leaves X. 6. A pear (pair).

Beheadings—1. Bear-ear. 2. Clock-lock. 3. Mark-ark. 4. Skate-Kate. 5. Harbor—arbor. 6. Chip-hip.

Rings—1. Flowering. 2. Herring. 3. Towering. 4. Flattering. 5. Sharing. 6. Shivering.

Crownings—1. Adder-madder. 2. Rock-frock. 3. Anna-manna. 4. Hovel-shovel. 5. Heel-wheel. 6. Arch-March.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

A prize for the best howler was recently offered by the University Correspondent and Educational Review. The following are selceted—

Distemper is a disease. Dogs and ceilings get it.

Napoleon called England a nation of shoplifters.

Lords and Commons are the places where cricket is played.

Silence is what you don't hear when you listen.

Some very curious reasons are given for absence from school. Here is one: Dear Sir;—Samuel was unable to go to school this morning, as he had glued his head to the dresser and we were not able to separate him yet".

BOOMERANG JOKE

(Continued from Page 9.)

relation between the teacher and the two boys whom she now calls "her champions."

As for Stella, it was the first time she had been commended for forgetting; it so upset her that she began seriously to try and remember. And the Miller family has entered upon a new era of peace.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

STAMP COLLECTING

Stamp Book Free—Forty pages. Includes Stamp Encyclopaedia. Free. Write EMPIRE STAMP, Dept. NM, Toronto.

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

A Complete Range Of Brushes, Colors, Paper, Canvas Pastels for general Artists' use. Send for Catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LTD., 1429 McGill College Ave., Montreal.

A PICTURE TO COLOR

This picture might be Jack Horner after he finished with the plum that came out of his Christmas pie. Or it might be just any little boy planning what to play next. Color his clothes as you think they should be and be sure to give him rosy cheeks. What color of hair do you think he has? Decide that for yourself. Show the picture to the rest of the family and see what they think of it.

While the Kettle Sings . . .
Try Some of These

BREAKFAST AND DINNER MENUS

(Continued from Last Week.)

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Pineapple Juice
Ham and Eggs
Toast Coffee

Dinner

Broiled Hamburgers or
Meat Loaf
Buttered Lima Beans
Spiced Beets
Peach Cobbler Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Stewed Prunes
On Ready-to-Serve Cereal
Raisin Cinnamon Toast
Coffee

Dinner

Breaded Fish Fillets
Tartar Sauce
Cabbage and Tomatoes
Baked Potatoes
Fruit Gelatin with Cream
Tea (Iced or Hot)

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Canned Grapefruit
Poached Eggs on Toast
Crisped Bacon
Coffee

Dinner

Boiled Smoked Tongue
Chopped Spinach with
Hard-Cooked Egg
Parsley Potatoes
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Iced Melon Tea

NEW WAR GADGET

THE newest war gadget being offered to London housewives is the "bomb snuffer."

It looks something like a dishpan upside down and is used for fighting incendiary bombs.

A housewife who finds an incendiary bomb on her front porch simply hooks a snuffer on a long pole and lowers it over the bomb. The missile is smothered in sand dropped automatically.—C.P.

"LITTLE PITCHERS"

By Emma Gary Wallace

PARENTS and other adults enjoy reminiscing concerning their own childhood and recounting the funny capers and daring pranks which they used to play. Elderly people are particularly prone to do this if some of their companions of long ago are present and the conversation reverts to their childhood. They usually begin something like this: "Do you remember—?" and then they are off. If young children are present, they are entranced by the amusing tales and astonished that their elders ever did such things as they are now relating.

As a rule, the children have been given to understand, up to the present time, that their parents and other relatives were exceptionally good boys and girls—meek little creatures who always did just what they were told and could be depended upon to do the right thing at all times. But now they are hearing an entirely different story and, in contrast, their own daring deeds are tame.

Just what the effect of this will be on the listening youngsters is not always predictable. For example after Johnny had heard his father tell of "high old times" he and some of the other boys used to have, Johnny wanted to go and do likewise, and some of his attempts were destructive and even dangerous.

On a certain Hallowe'en, among other pranks, Johnny and his companions stretched a stout cord across a roadway along which one or more persons were likely to pass. The minister of the little church at the corner was the victim. Not looking for any such barrier, this man—loved by adults and children, alike—was thrown headlong, sustaining physical injuries that were lifelong in their unfortunate consequences.

If mischievous reminiscences are to be related for the enjoyment of those who were boys and girls of the past, it is always best not to do it within the hearing of children. More often than not, it is time that throws a glamour about those pranks; usually it did not exist when they were played, and certainly their daring nature rarely loses anything in the telling. Those relating the stories usually enjoy dressing them up to make them sound as amusing as possible. Here again the children are likely to get an exaggerated idea of what actually happened and to feel that if their parents, who are now highly respected, did these things, it must be all right for them to do similar ones.

Further than that, when parents a little later find it necessary to reprimand their children for particularly undesirable behavior, the boys and girls are more than likely to say, to themselves at least, something of this sort: "Oh, so you are scolding me for a little thing like this, when you used to do a great deal worse yourself. It isn't fair! When I grow up, I want to have funny things to talk about with those I played with when I was little."

In this way, it may be that many parents are today responsible for much roistering conduct of children who are out with the intention merely of having a harmless good time.

"Little pitchers" always have had and probably always will have "big ears". Let us not forget that the children may hear more and remember more and misconstrue more than we think possible. So it is wise to take no chances.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

TAPROOT OF TRAFFIC

SOCIAL drinking is the taproot of the liquor traffic and just in proportion as we can successfully discourage social drinking, just in that proportion will we solve the problems of the liquor traffic. If we fail to solve the problem of social drinking, we will fail to solve the problems of liquor or even its consumption.—Albert E. Laing.

Wesley said:—"Touch no dram. It is liquid fire. It is a sure though slow poison. It saps the very springs of life."

"Northern Messenger is a wonderful paper, and we enjoy its interesting and helpful reading. If there is any way that we can extend its usefulness you may rely on us to the limit.

Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,

G. M. P., Prescott, Ont.

Consider the postage stamp, my son; it sticks to one thing.

GERANIUMS

18 for 15c

Everyone interested in houseplants should plant a packet or two of our Geranium Seed. We offer a gorgeous collection containing Dazzling Scarlet, Flame Red, Brick Red, Crimson, Maroon, Vermilion, Scarlet, Salmon, Cerise, Orange Red, Salmon - Pink, Bright Pink, Peach, Blush Rose, White, Blotched, Variegated, Margined. Easy to grow from seed and bloom 90 days after planting. Pkt. 15c. 2 for 25c. postpaid. Plant now.

SPECIAL OFFER: 1 pkt. as above and 5 pkts. of other Choice Houseplant Seeds, all different and easily grown in house. Value $1.25, all for 60c postpaid. Order direct from this advertisement.

FREE—OUR BIG 1941 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—*Better Than Ever*

DOMINION SEED HOUSE, Georgetown, Ontario

Northern Messenger

"I AM READY"

THOSE were solemn words spoken by Senator Josiah Bailey in the U.S. Senate a few days ago when urging an all-out policy of supporting Britain, the British Empire and the other free nations with all possible aid.

Countering the charge that Hitler, Mussolini and the war party in Japan would take such action on the part of the United States as an act of war, and might force war on the United States, Senator Bailey said:

"I am ready." And he did not add the words, "short of war" which had previously been regarded as a virtuous limitation.

Surely this is a time, if ever there was one, when "he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." And the use of that sword should be to liberate the captives and redress the wrongs done to others and to end the sway of those evil men who would tyrannize the world. A sword drawn for selfish gain transgresses the law of God.

If our sword does not save others there is small chance it will save ourselves.

* * *

To be ready is a moral condition.

To do right is everyone's daily and hourly business.

Deep down in the soul of each one of us should be the determination:

Even if to do right brings trouble on me, even so I will do right. Let the temporal consequences be what they may—

I will do right,
I *will* do right,
I will *do* right,
I will do *right*—
I - WILL - DO - RIGHT.

WHAT'S THEIR PROGRAM?

A PROMINENT Washington newspaper columnist, L. S. B. Shapiro, says in the Montreal *Gazette*:

"The isolationists have been trying to embarrass the administration by screaming for Britain's war aims. I think it is time the administration turned about and asked the isolationists, who are united against the bill, what are their war aims?

"We have Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Tribune who wants Britain to win (but doesn't want America to help). Colonel Lindbergh wants neither Britain nor Germany to win. Senator Wheeler hates Hitler and he hates Britain only less. Senator Taft wants Britain to win and wants America to help her (but not enough to win). Joe Kennedy doesn't know what he wants. And now Senator Nye doesn't want to see Hitler licked.

"And THESE are the people who are yelling at the top of their lungs for Britain to name her war aims."

* * *

Suffice it to say, Britain wants right, justice and liberty to triumph against tyranny, injustice, and the practical enslavement of nations as specially represented by the Axis powers.

These aims have been repeatedly declared by Mr. Churchill and others. But the heavenly vision can't be clarified in the dust of war, nor can the ideal be approached till the futility of destructive war has again proved itself and men turn with common accord to rebuild civilization.

SIR FREDERICK BANTING

IN the death of Sir Frederick Banting, Canada, the medical profession, the world of science and mankind at large have sustained a great loss. Yet even in his short life, working with Dr. J. R. MacLeod and Dr. Charles Best, to whose co-operation he gave equal credit,—and with whom he voluntarily shared the annuity bestowed on him by the Canadian Government,—he discovered a new door and paved a new way to health and happiness for multitudes who were, or but for him and his co-operators would be suffering from diabetes and other serious ailments.

What made him great?

Was it altogether "book learnin'?"—that he knew what others had taught? No, there were probably many who knew their text books better. What made Frederick Banting great was that, always open-eyed, he glimpsed a new idea, pursued that idea and proved that idea which is now represented by the world renowned "insulin."

It was that open-eyed, open-mindedness, coupled with consecration of all he was and had in following the faint glimmer of new truth till he could "bring it to earth" that made Sir Frederick a scientist.

* * *

MANY good ideas,—let us call them inspirations,—flash into minds that are incapable of following them up or are too blind to recognize their worth or too lazy to give the study and experimentation required to prove their worth. And humanity is poorer for their inability or neglect.

But now and again, like good seed sown in good soil, an idea takes root and bears fruit.

Of course we all get new glimpses of truth, new to us if not to the world; and we all get ideas that have little relation to truth. Sometimes our vision is better than our understanding.

LIQUOR THE "FIFTH COLUMN"

IT has been seriously estimated that the expenditure for liquor in Canada for a recent year is approximately $200,000,000. The estimate is a fair one, says the Canadian Temperance Federation, The indirect costs would total a very large sum. When we consider this non-productive outlay and its added losses, the impairment through inefficiency and undercutting of fitness, and the associated public danger, *it is astonishing,* says the Federation, *that no attempt whatever has been made by public authorities to lessen this enormous discount of our national strength.*

The Federation is engaged in promoting a movement for Wartime Voluntary Total Abstinence throughout Canada. It is asking citizens to declare their purpose to abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages for the duration of the war and the period of demobilization. The movement has begun in the churches and will be carried beyond them to the general community.

The response to this movement is already pronounced, and is growing. Whatever may be anyone's personal views as to the use of liquor or his opinion as to the best means of dealing with the matter under ordinary circumstances, *there can be no objection to a movement which is fundamentally educational and which aims to promote voluntary wartime abstinence as an aid to national saving and national effectiveness.*

It should make a strong appeal to the honor and patriotism of the Canadian people.

This Wartime Voluntary Total Abstinence Crusade is in line with the challenge issued by the Rev. W. W. Judd, D.D., secretary of the Social Service Council of the Church of England in Canada. Speaking at the Anglican Synod of Niagara Diocese,—a district that raises such a large crop of vintage grapes, he said:

"There never was a war which did not produce a new crop of moral prob-

lems. It is the duty of the church and of church people to face and overcome these problems.

"We will be forced to do something more definite about this if we are to win this war. I suggest a self-denying ordinance under rectors willing to do it in keeping with our idea of a fast for the duration of the war."

The removal of the liquor handicap from Canada's war effort is a matter of vital importance. Drink is the most dangerous Fifth Column with which we have to deal. Personal voluntary total abstinence on the part of the people of Canada would go a long way toward the winning of the war.

ENDURE HARDNESS AS GOOD SOLDIERS

AN American woman travelling some years ago in Normandy in the North of France called on the mother of her cook and found her in a small, stone cottage, ground floor paved with rough, flat stones, with a low attic above. As she was leaving, the visitor offered the peasant woman a big box of chocolates "for the children." But the peasant woman declined with many thanks. She said: "Since we can never afford such things, it is best that we never taste them lest afterwards we miss them. We cannot afford to be 'soft' even for a change. We only eat enough today so as to do our work that we may have food for tomorrow." And they were a healthy, happy, loving family.

That story came to the writer first hand many years ago.

Has it not got something for each one of us as we face war conditions? Surely many people would be healthier and happier if life was more simple and better purposed, and would have more to give or lend for the prosecution of the war.

From New Zealand

A ROMAN Catholic Pastoral letter in New Zealand includes the following advice to those who have the training of youth:

"We uphold the practice of administering the total abstinence pledge to all children at confirmation. And we shall continue it. We desire to encourage the spread of temperance societies, and the exclusion of strong drink from Catholic . . . social functions carried on under the patronage of the church."

Board as light as cork but as strong as oak is being made by a new process from straw. It is proof against heat, damp, noise, and rats.

A Pony With Personality

A Prairie Story

DOT was a small mouse-colored saddle pony, with a black stripe from her mane to her tail., black tips to her ears, and one white foot. Out on the Western prairies she attended school for many years as regularily as any pupil. Attempts to harness her to a vehicle of any kind were futile—she knew her job, and declined to do anything else.

She knew the four-mile route to school probably better than her successive riders, and treated them with the indulgence of an elderly nurse. The child might daydream, or become bored with the road, although they were likely to meet anything from a family of coyotes to a 20-ton oil truck, but Dot was always alert, and needed no urging to make her give way to any form of traffic. The main line transcontinental express usually reached the level crossing three miles from town at almost the same time as Dot and her rider, and the engineers soon got to know and watch for the wise little pony, and leaned out of the cab to wave as they went by.

* * *

NOONDAY lunch went with them, the youngsters' in a tin pail, Dot's in a small bag tied to the back of the saddle. Occasionally in the rush of early morning, the pony's grain was forgotten, but as soon as Dot realized that the bag was not there, she would turn back towards the farm, and refuse to proceed till the omission was rectified.

The knowing animal had her own sense of humor, and from much association with children, she was wise to them. One day, when the road was bordered with pools from melting snow, she walked into the water, stretched her neck for a drink, then with a shake and a wriggle, dumped her small rider into the mud! "She just slid me off, and then turned and laughed at me," the bedraggled youngster complained when she reached home.

Dot had her own ideas about speed, too, and if she wanted to loiter, there wasn't much any one could do about it. But when she heard the school bell, she knew it was time to "get a move on" and needed no urging then to make her hurry.

When the youngest of the family finally became too heavy for Dot's slender legs to carry, the pony was turned out into the pasture for a life of leisure. But she never really enjoyed it. When the wind was southerly, and the sound of the school bell came faintly over the miles of prairie, she would canter to the gate and look eagerly for someone to come and saddle her.

"Dumb animal" she may have been, but the memory of her unusual personality still is treasured by the children, now grown, whom she served so faithfully for many years,—Our Dumb Animals.

Hi! There!
How's This for High?

EXCITING is this little story. On February 6th (note the date) we received from our old friend Mr. Allan McPherson, a prepaid order for a year's service of ten copies of the *Northern Messenger* to St. James Mission Sunday School, Orillia, Ont. Orillia is the town that presides at the head of the lovely Lake Simcoe, north of Toronto.

After the school had had a taste of the *Northern Messenger*, appetite grew. Like Oliver Twist it asked for more, and on Monday, February 17, Mr. J. R. Hale wrote, ordering another twenty copies and enclosing cheque for that further service, thus doubling the original order.

On the 24th, Mr. Hale ordered 30 copies *more*, the largest order of the three, aggregating 70 copies in all, or just 3½ times the original order sent some 18 days previously.

Was it that after some classes got a taste of the paper they told others about it?

Was it that the officers and teachers realized that the mission of the *Messenger* was so characteristic of the practical teaching of St. James, after whom their mission was named, that they decided to use it more and more as their special *messenger* each week to the homes of the scholars?

Perhaps the incentive came from both directions.

Anyway, read the short epistle of St. James again and note how the Apostle, "the brother of the Lord," expresses true religion, true ritual, in terms of true rleationship to God and man. St. James' definition of "pure religion and undefiled" was probably inspired by his Brother's declaration: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

The *Northern Messenger's* mission or commission is to relate Christian teaching to the everyday relationships and interests of life and especially to the momentous doings and movements of these strategic times.